

OCCASIONAL VERSES.

13

Inscrib'd, with all imaginable Deference, to the

RIGHT HONOURABLE the EARL and
COUNTESS of MIDDLESEX.

By JOHN LOCKMAN,

Secretary to the Society of the FREE BRITISH FISHERY.

*Hic dies, anno redeunte, festus,
Corticem astrictum pice dimovebit
Amphoræ fumum bibere institutæ
Consule Tullo.*

Hor. Lib. iii. Od. 8.

*O Hymen Hymenæe,
Cinge tempora floribus
Suaveolentis amaraci.
Flammeum cape: lætus huc
Huc veni, niveo gerens
Luteum pede soccum.*

CATULL.



L O N D O N:

Printed by W. STRAHAN, for the AUTHOR.
MDCCCLIII.

OCCESSIONAL VERSES.

Printed by W. Stannan, for the Author.

RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LORDS OF THE
COUNTESS OF MIDDLESEX.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

Second Edition, with Corrections.

The first volume contains
the first part of the
poem, and the second
volume contains the
second part.

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MDCCLXXV.



To the RIGHT HONOURABLE the
EARL of MIDDLESEX.

Presented to his LORDSHIP on his Birth-Day, Feb. 6.
(O. S.) 1753.

A C A N T A T A.

Set to Music by Mr. JOHN CHRISTOPHER SMITH.

Hæc tibi semper erunt; & cum solennia vota
Reddemus Nymphis, & cum lustrabimus agros. VIRG. Eclog. V.

RĒCITATIVE.

THYRSIS lamenting o'er the cruel Fate,
Which sadly forc'd Him from His darling
Muse;

Doom'd to a Round of Toils, His Soul must hate;
And vanish'd his once sweetly-soothing * Views:
Felt, on a sudden, His fond Hopes revive;
And knew the Cause:---'Twas POLLIO's natal Day.
To hail it; instant, His rude Accents strive;
When, like a Flood long check'd, They burst away.

* Excellent Prince FREDERICK: *Eben!*

AIR.

A I R.

POLLIO ! see, in yonder Skies,
 All thy SIREs, with Splendors crown'd.
 Hark ! to Heights They bid Thee rise,
 And for Wisdom be renown'd.
 Slow revolve the Deeds They wrought,
 In *Times's* lasting Page enroll'd.
 These must fire Thy every Thought,
 And a wondrous Scene unfold.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Scarce had the Rapture left the Shepherd's Breast,
 When, from the Clouds, a Voice was heard around.
 Tho' loud, so sweetly it his Sense imprest,
 He thought all Heav'n descending with the Sound :
 Or that Himself was lifted to the Spheres ;
 When Words ætherial thus inchant his Ears.

A I R.

Lo ! the Wreath which VIRTUE gives,
 To Her *Sons* who greatly shine.
 If for Britain, POLLIO lives,
 This Wreath will His Brows entwine.
 Yes ! 'tis His.---The PLAN * peruse,
 Where His Genius guards our Isle.
 He'll be sung by ev'ry *Muse*,
 And cheer *Thyrfis* with his Smile.

* *A Treatise concerning the MILITIA.*

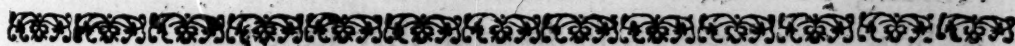
To the RIGHT HONOURABLE the

EARL of MIDDLESEX.

NEW-YEAR'S Day, 1753.

EX TEMPORE.

WHILST flatt'ring Courtiers, on this gaudy Day,
 Their semblant Homage at St. *James's* pay;
 Accept the Wishes of a Heart sincere,
 That ev'ry Blessing may attend Thy year:
 But chiefly *Health*, Life's Comforts to refine,
 For all the rest, without a Wish, are Thine.



A N

O D E,

On the same SUBJECT, Feb. 6, 1752.

Sitis felices, & tu simul & tua vita

Et domina.

CATULLUS ad Mallium.

TO sovereign Jove, what shall I pray
 For POLLIO, on His natal Day?
 Not *Titles*:---with their Pomp He's crown'd,
 Deriv'd from Ancestors renown'd:

C

Not

Not *Riches* :---with their Flow He's blest:

Not *Genius* :---*Clio* warms His Breast:

Not *Learning* :---boundless is his Store;

Not *patriot Fire* :---*Rome* scarce breath'd more.

“What means this Flourish, flatt'ring Knave,”

(Cries POLLIO;) “say, what wou'd'st Thou crave?”---

POLLIO, believe; with Heart sincere,

Thy social Virtues I revere:

Am struck when I Thy Form survey

As *Indians* with the God of Day;

For Thou'rt, to me, as cheering Light,

And all that can the Soul delight.

Hence Thou my fondest Wish must claim

For lengthn'd Years, and Health, and Fame.

To charm Thee, *Hymen* gave a FAIR,

Among Her Sex a Phoenix rare.---

A SON, (ye *Fates*!) to stretch Thy Line;

A SON!---then every Blessing's Thine.



A N

O D A E,

On the same SUBJECT, Feb. 6, 1750.

*Dies**Jure solennis mihi, sanctiorque**Penè natali proprio, quod ex hac**Luce MÆCENAS meus affluentes**Ordinat annos.*

HOR. Lib. iv. Od. 9.

WHEN rosy SPRING first shows Her Face,
A rapturous Joy all Nature feels:
Fondly the amorous Pairs embrace,

And Each a new-born Flame reveals.
The feather'd Songsters warbling rise;
Mild, thro' the Air, gay Zephyrs blow:
The Flourets bloom in mingled Dyes;
And Streams, soft murm'ring, brighter flow.

So when Thy natal Day comes round,
O POLLIO! Darling of the Nine;
My Heart exults, my Spirits bound,
And ev'ry blissful Thought is Mine.
Fir'd with the Theme, my Lyre I string,
Then sound Thy Praise with Soul sincere;
The Graces of ASPASIA * sing,
And with this one Day form'd the Year.

* The Countess of Middlesex.

LIBATION,

ON THE

Summit of *Old-Castle*, Sept. 18, 1749, in
honour of the RIGHT HONOURABLE the EARL of
MIDDLESEX, one of the Representatives for that
Place.

A SONG, to the Tune of *Bumper Squire Jones*.

ON old *Sarum* Hill,
Where Prospects extensive invite the Eye round;
A Bumper come fill :
My Genius requiring,
A Goblet inspiring,
To Lord MIDDLESEX crown'd.
Whilst Him, my *Apollo*,
Enraptur'd I follow,
Admiring His Talents, His Sun-shine I boast :
On Land and on Ocean,
Whilst Life gives Me Motion,
His LORDSHIP shall be my perpetual Toast.
Whilst on each just Right,
The Herd of mock-Statesmen presumptuously tread :
Put Honour to Flight;
Cause endless Vexation,
Impov'rish the Nation,
And dire Ruin spread.

His

His LORDSHIP inveighing
 'Gainst Wretches betraying,
 The Charter for which our fam'd Ancestors fell :
 With brave Roman Spirit,
 Would give Knaves Their Merit,
 And treat Such like Those Who bid *Perkin* rebel.

A
 T O A S T,

For the Birth-Day (Feb. 6, 1747) as above.

Verbenas, pueri, ponite, thuraque

Bini cum patera meri.

HOR. Lib. i. Od. 19.

MAY POLLIO's Health for ever shine,
 Untroubled as this racy Wine:
 Be, like it's Stream, His Judgment clear;
 Dispell'd each superstitious Fear.

When half a Century, round the Sun,
 Our Globe its vast Career has run;
 May POLLIO's Smile new Joys inspire;
 Blessing, and blest, His each Desire.

Deserving all His PRINCE can give,
 May He belov'd by *Albion* live;
 'Till All, in Him, united trace
 The Glories of fam'd SACKVILLE's Race.

And may (as Fortune's noblest Prize)
 ASPASIA * still delight His Eyes.

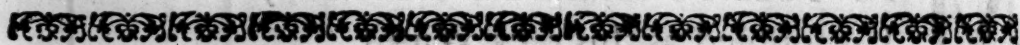
* The Countess of Middlesex.

A
T O A S T,

For the Birth-Day (Feb. 6, 1747) as above.

E X T E M P O R E.

PRIZ'D by lov'd FREDERICK, to His Country dear;
 Rising to Honours each revolving Year :
 With Health to long enjoy His splendid State ;
 By Merit, more than Pomp of Fortune, great :
 Bidding the Arts reflourish in our Isle,
 And cheering Science with His gracious Smile :
 Blest in His Comfort, in his Offspring blest ;---
 Such is our Wish ; to Heaven We leave the rest :



To the RIGHT HONOURABLE the

C O U N T E S S of M I D D L E S E X,

On presenting her with YARICO, an American pastoral
 D R A M A.

Set to Music by Mr. SMITH.

A N O D E.

WHEN fam'd AUGUSTA, royal *Fair*;
 In whose Esteem you justly pride;
 Dispenses with your glorious Care,
 And You, o'er sylvan Bowers, preside.

When

When lost to Courts, where now You shine,
 With polish'd Sweetness, native Grace ;
 You Flow'rs in gay Assemblage joyn;
 Or deep, in Woods, the Echos trace.

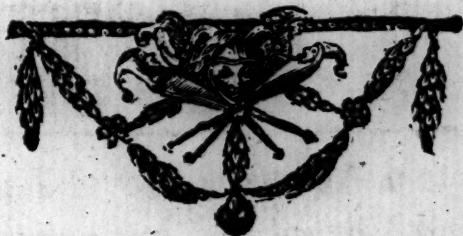
Let love-lorn *Yarico* attend :

Fondly Her Pl¹ants may soothe your Ear :
 Or in the Noon-tide Hour unbend,
 And draw Compassion's beauteous Tear.

None but the narrow, vulgar Mind,
 Can hear, unmov'd, a Tale of Woes.
 The Soul, where Greatness sits enshrin'd,
 With ev'ry tender Impulse glows.

Whilst *Philomela*, from the Spray,
 Bids flow'ry Dales her Wrongs repeat ;
 If our sad *Indian* mix Her Lay,
 The Duett may be wondrous sweet.

Breathe where They will Their amorous Moan,
 From Thee must softest Comfort rise ;
 Thy Glance will for past Griefs atone,
 As Pity's Tear impearls Thine Eyes.



COUNTESS of MIDDLESEX,

With a NOSEGAY of FLOWERS.

EX TEMPORE.

BEHOLD the Treasures of the Spring,
In all the Pride of Nature gay;
Brought hither on *Favonius* Wing,
To crown Thee Sovereign of the *May*.

To *Sol* their Birth these Flourets owe,
Their Fragrance and resplendent Dyes:---
Protection on Thy Bard bestow,
And bright, as *They*, his Lays shall rise.

F I N I S.

